



1st Place

Life of the Trail

Walking on a trail,
Listening to the storm

I see many wild animals,
Drinking from the river

The gray sky,
rumbling up a storm

I hear baby birds,
Calling to their mother

The trees swaying,
in the furious wind

I feel the wet rain,
dancing on my shoulders

The deer running,
scared by the storm's anger

I smell,
the freshness of the earth

walking on a trail,
listening to the storm.

First Place
Katie
9th Grade
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